

THE SYMPTOMS WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT

Moral of the Case of the Woman Who Feared She Feared Things and Went to the Adirondacks Instead of to a Hospital

Journal writers to discuss professional topics; then it drives patients over to the fad healer.

Not to heap undue criticism on the editorial shoulders I will confess that Blanche was not looking as well as usual. The responsibilities of house-keeping had plainly told on her during our first two years of bliss. The baby was now doing famously without the help of any magazine, but at a dear cost to her tired mother.

I planned to take a long vacation and give Blanche a whiff of sea air, but you know how these little plans always turn out. As the weeks and months passed and Blanche didn't appear to develop any serious derangement of health I gradually relinquished the idea of a vacation. Perhaps next year we might have one, but at that moment it seemed advisable to straighten up some old accounts and lay a bit by for a rainy day, a plan which Blanche accepted with a sensible acquiescence.

One day about this time Blanche requested me to go with her to the doctor's office as she had an appointment for that afternoon. Ordinarily I would have pleaded a rush of work for a man may lie to his wife with impunity. But knowing her recent change of taste in literature I decided I had better go along and see how well the new editors were doing their work. So we met at luncheon at the Women's Federation about 2 o'clock.

We had chicken salad and orangeade, with young, still youthful and more mature cheery rather ladies buzzing about us like bees round a hive. As I sat waiting for a second microscopic helping of cafeteria salad Blanche leaned across the table and confided with a wistful look that she supposed she would have to have an operation.

"Operation!" I gasped, splashing a

surely can't require an operation." I shall never forget the expression that settled on her face. She beckoned to the girl to bring our check. Then she smiled reassuringly at me and whispered across the table.

"My dear," she informed me, "cancer may develop at any age, and I have all the symptoms."

A horrible shivery sensation ran all over me and finally centered itself in my epigastrium. I have a very tender epigastrium. A man merely laid his hand upon it one day and I fainted right away. His hand was well padded with a thick glove too, and the man was smiling in a most engaging manner when he perpetrated the deed.

I tried to laugh. The best I could do was a falsetto cackle. Some chattering women at the next table stared at me in a curious manner. I glared back at them defiantly.

"Why, Blanche," I argued, "you're the very snapshot of health. Your cheeks bring the blush of shame to the real hand paintings round here. Your plumpness is the despair of your friends and—"

Blanche consulted her watch and stood up.

"Let's hurry," she said calmly. "The doctor's hours are until 3."

She led me through the maze of dainty tables and ogling girls out to the corridor, bowing right and left as she passed along and stopping here and there for a brief chat with some acquaintance, while I, all a tremble with uncertainty, shuffled along like a lost soul, trying to convince myself it was just a ghastly joke.

As we emerged into the afternoon sunshine I shook off the gloom and assumed a playful spirit.

"Who was that stunning girl you last spoke to—the blonde in the green dress

of an inch. I congratulated myself on the success of my ruse.

"That," she said, "was Mrs. Breton-Hix—don't you remember?—she goes to St. Luke's next week."

"St. Luke's?" I repeated inanely.

"What for?"

"For her operation, of course. She's a sensible person even if she is a stunner."

Obviously I had made an unfortunate start. Worse still, Blanche began humming snatches of a hymn, which scarcely seemed appropriate for the occasion. As we rounded the corner of the street in which Dr. —'s office is located I inquired:

"Blanche, whereabouts is this—ah—this trouble of yours anyway?"

She went on humming as though she hadn't heard me. I couldn't help noticing her elastic step and apparently vigorous carriage. But then they say women don't show their maladies as quickly as men. Mrs. Breton-Hix certainly didn't look like an invalid. I would have spoken of her good looks again if she had been a plain woman.

All told, I didn't believe for an instant that old Dr. —, with all his experience, could be made to think Blanche had a cancer. But how sadly mistaken! I now know the old rascal could be bribed to do most anything.

As we waited our turn in the doctor's reception room Blanche picked up a stately decorated magazine and ran her practised finger up and down the table of contents. She turned to a certain page and handed me the magazine. Great black capitals headed the article: "The Increasing Scourge of Cancer." And in smaller letters underneath, the name of the author: "By Enrique Calzak." One in every twelve men, one in every eight women who will die this year will succumb to can-

J. Held



She was developing hay fever.

slightest disturbance of health manifesting itself, as that was the only safe way to do.

The doctor's door suddenly opened and a nervous young man tottered out. "I get speared at 9 in the morning," he announced to a young woman who stood gazing out of the window.

I glanced quickly at Blanche to see how this unpleasant suggestion affected her. She was gazing after the young man as though she envied him. I determined right then that my wife should have no operation. Never before had I believed a woman could actually crave a surgical operation. I imagined that was all humor.

"You may come right in, Mrs. Sanford," greeted the doctor, standing in the doorway and rubbing his hands. Had he been a surgeon Blanche would have entered that inner room only over my dead body. A doctor who rubs his hands over a case is an unsafe operator.

Blanche stepped blithely forward, plainly eager for a verdict. I sidled in behind her like an impecunious stranger in a fashionable church pew. As we seated ourselves facing a window before the doctor's big desk I noticed Blanche's dimples for the first time in weeks. It made me feel pretty sick. I can tell you. And the frankness with which she opened the interview was appalling.

She struck out boldly with her complaint, whereas a man would have beaten about the bush and made the doctor draw out a history piecemeal.

"I came to find out whether I shall have to be operated upon," she announced. "You must tell me plainly what you think, doctor. If my symptoms are those of cancer, why the sooner it is done the better."

"And what are the symptoms?" asked the doctor, taking up his pen and preparing to enter everything on a card.

Blanche had symptoms, all right. She had about every symptom a woman could desire and a lot more that I never supposed a woman could have and be happy.

When she finished her narrative the doctor's face assumed an anxious look. He drummed on the desk with one finger while he went over what he had entered on the card. Then he played for rain. "What did your maternal grandfather die of?"

"Old age," I volunteered, impatient to get to the end.

But Blanche placed a restraining hand gently upon the arm of my chair without looking away from the doctor's wing.

"No, dear," she corrected, "it was arterio-sclerosis terminating at 76 in cerebral embolism."

The doctor seemed delighted.

"And your paternal grandfather?" he pursued as if determined to get the whole miserable story out of her.

"Grandfather was subject to emphysema," said Blanche, speaking guardedly as though on the witness stand, "and passed away in his bed at 89 from mitral incompetency and dilatation."

Honestly, she reeled it off without a hitch. It pained me to learn what a dreadful family tree I had grafted on. Blanche had never confessed these things to me. Nor had she told me of the leukemia, the pyloric stenosis, the metabolic arthritis and the hypertrophic rhinitis that riddled her family tree like the army worm.

"And now about the present trouble," said the doctor when he had written all these sordid details down. Whereupon I gathered my scattered thoughts together and retired with them to the outer room.

It was a long ten minutes I waited there in suspense. It seemed more like ten hours. But at last the door opened and I heard the doctor's voice.

"By all means go at once," he was urging. "Don't delay. Delay is dangerous. I would go to-morrow morning if I were in your place."

It was true then! Poor Blanche's suspicions were correct after all. And I had to laugh at her.

I swallowed the big lump in my throat and staggered to my feet.

"Doctor," I begged, "I want you to be there and oversee the whole thing. You will—say you will!"

He laughed outright.

"My boy," he said, "you had better play that part yourself. I should be delighted only I am very busy at present, and besides, Mrs. Sanford hasn't asked me!"

Blanche was laughing too.

"Don't be so silly," she said, "but come along and help me get ready. I must leave on the morning train."

"Leave for where?" I demanded.

"For the Adirondacks. I must remain six weeks."

I glanced quickly at the doctor. "Yes, it's the only place for her," he corroborated. "She will be comfortable up there."

"Why, she hasn't tuberculosis, has she?" I groaned.

"No, no; nothing as bad as that. She is developing hay fever."

The following morning when we reached the station we found Mrs. Breton-Hix already waiting for the Mountain Limited. She too had escaped an operation by raiding her husband's purse.

If Dr. — were not a colleague I should bring an action for conspiracy to defraud.

A lady read an article about fear.

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

It is perfectly fair about it we should say at the outset that the editors are not wholly to be blamed. They don't mean to cause folks to die. That isn't the reason for the health articles in magazines. The editors are merely trying to answer a wide demand, and as there are so few doctors in America—only about fifteen in all—the editors have to call upon extra professional writers, who proceed to paint up the symptoms with an under-discard for the public's sensibilities. Thus in the end everybody realizes he has a touch of the ailment, whatever it may be.

A lady read an article about fear in a popular magazine. The writer had no grudge against his readers. He was just a plain everyday romantic magazine writer. But the lady didn't know that.

Since he was writing about fear as a form of disease she assumed he must know of those doctors who are so great that they modestly omit to append their degree when they sign their name. And the symptoms got her. She had never realized before that fear was anything more than an emotion, and now she knew it was an actual disease. It scared her. She was afraid she might be coming down with it. She hurried to her doctor.

"Doctor, please, oh, please give me something to stop this terrible trouble before it goes any further," she begged. The doctor rubbed his hands softly together. She had never paid him a fee in all the years he had known her.

"Ah, what seems to be the trouble?" he inquired, as though trying to lead her to give her an opening to report "That's just what I want you to tell me, doctor!" But in this instance the patient wanted nothing of the kind. She knew what ailed her. All she wanted was something to stop the "terrible disease."

"I have the fear disease, I am afraid," she complained. "I have all the symptoms."

"The fear disease?" queried the doctor, blankly. "What may that be, I wonder?"

"Oh, it's some new disease going round—didn't you see *Blanche Magazine* this month? It tells all about it and I just look I've got it in the worst way; why, just see how my hands tremble, and my lips—there, I can't help it, but I've got to cry—I don't know what's come over me—I—you—know—"

Flattered the doctor elicited the lady's history. It was a wonderfully accurate history she related. Not an item in it that would interest a sophisticated medical student. All she could tell for the present illness was the fact that she was afraid she was afraid. She feared she feared things.

schools of healing which treat all things in all people.

Thus *Blanche Magazine* does double damage. First, it hires extra profes-

bit of orangeade upon my salad. "Who, you? Why, child, what put that crazy idea into your head? You're as healthy as you ever were. A woman of 26

and the white hat?" I asked—though of course I had scarcely noticed the creature.

Blanche's chin went up three-quarters

er, proclaimed a boxed legend. Then there was an editorial introduction in heavy italics urging every woman to visit her doctor immediately on the



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ANSWERING THE "CALAMITY WORRIERS" OF THE PANAMA CANAL ADVANTAGES

By F. D. MACKAY.

MUCH has been written regarding the wonderful work of the United States Government, and in face of all the criticism no one can truthfully now fail to agree that sooner or later this country will reap the benefit all round.

A deal of the criticism is unwarranted, as the writers have not shown any sort of knowledge of the circumstances that brought about the undertaking. There is no doubt, outside of the question of the actual necessities of such a canal to more thoroughly bridge the coast lines, more thought than the average man gives has been thrown as regards the building up of railroads and developments possible between the East and the West.

When we realize what those in Canada and the Government have accomplished for the country itself, irrespective of the few dollars involved in this moneyed wealthy continent, much of the criticism will fade away in thin air.

Summarizing the cost let us look ahead and try to come to some idea of the country as a real exporter and try to realize to those of the middle West and West what they will some day realize, and know that this country can get along and provide for its people without outside markets to fall back on.

The great money centre is in the East, and the West can be developed it will remain there; but it is idle to keep on this point, though it is well to keep in mind that the West will some day be a power in the world, and can stand its proper place in the money markets.

These developments are bound to come with the opening of the Panama Canal. There is a large stretch of land on the west coast waiting to find markets for its products in such countries as the east and south coast

of the United States) that are in a position to use its raw materials that it cannot turn into finished articles for want of capital, etc., and unless the east coast realizes the position properly the foreign markets will reap the best benefits, and when the East does wake up it may find that the West has learned conditions and the people are eating into the markets they fondly hoped were theirs for all time.

The railroads, naturally, to some extent are going to feel the competition, but only to a very small degree, and they should look ahead and realize that after all markets must be opened up that they themselves have not and cannot hope properly to develop with their railroads, and if they will but stop to think of the possibilities that are before any unbiased eyes they must see that their own railroads must be the gainers.

It is a fact that water routes can be operated considerably cheaper than land routes even if not run scientifically, but if proper methods are used, steamers being affected by the markets of the world, particularly tramps that live by competition, they cannot help reducing their freight rates to meet competition, and then it is a case of the most modern steamship beating out her sister.

The greatest setback this country will soon realize is that the foreigner must reap too great an advantage unless something is done to build up its merchant marine. I speak now of the tramp. Subsidies will not do it, as has been shown by the failures of other nations in this direction. If you give a subsidy you are merely giving a bribe for laziness and not helping to develop the thinking qualities of the citizens; what the latter want is the opportunity to learn and work out problems as they arise and learn by their mistakes, as after all it is our very mistakes in every phase of life that teach us. The foreigner would naturally be the greatest loser if the proper developments could

Writer Looks Ahead and Points Out the Many Benefits Sure to Come With the Building Up of Trade and Developments Between the East and the West

be made by the American citizens themselves in trading on their own coast, but how can they do it with the high cost of building, upkeep and running expenses, which more often than not means that a rate of freight is asked, say from New York to San Francisco, that the foreigner is willing to accept for three or more times the distance and pay two canal dues out of.

Take coal as an instance, being the lowest in cost of any cargo shipped to any port in the world in any quantity, and what do you find—steamers were chartered this year as low as \$2.31 from Cardiff to Bombay and as low as \$3.39 from Norfolk to San Francisco, former proceeding via Suez and latter via Strait of Magellan, the mileage being 6,087 and 13,043; former paid canal dues of about \$6,000 and latter steamed 6,356 miles, consequently taking about thirty-five days more time; the price of the coal being just about the same, though naturally latter burned thirty-five days more. Both steamers were under foreign flag. Now compare this with American bottoms and you find that the American shipowner wants at least \$6 for the voyage from Norfolk to San Francisco, or \$26.61 more than the foreigner. On the opening of the Panama Canal what will be the position? The mileage from Norfolk to San Francisco is 5,949, or 1,093 less than Cardiff to Bombay; the foreign tramp is better off from Norfolk than from Cardiff as regards earnings, time and cost, and can afford to meet the Cardiff rate better. What do we find with the American boat? The tonnage available can be counted on the fingers of one hand if available at all, and I doubt very much if the Ameri-

can owner would be willing to take anything less than possibly \$5 to \$4.50. The question then arises, how can the position be changed? and with all due respect to the many suggestions from the most economical point of view and that giving the greatest justice to the citizens, both to any who want to enter into the shipping and any who wish to enter into the coal business, something must be done to bring about cheaper steamers and lower the cost of running expenses, and that can only be accomplished by allowing the citizen to buy his steamer wherever he likes without hindrance and open up the coastwise trades to such steamers, giving him five or ten years before compelling him to use American officers and crew. This will allow of a large field for the shipping interests to work on, resulting in a fairly large tramp marine being owned and run on American lines and allowing of a very large coasting trade being developed between the East and West, to say nothing of the South, and the citizens as a whole benefiting as they should, and you would in time do away with the ridiculous growl against the foreign owned steamer making millions out of handling American products, etc.

The average American citizen and one might say all the money interests refuse to invest in shipping generally unless one can tell them exactly the percentage they will obtain on their money, have railroad backing and dried, and the latter more often than otherwise want everything to be made and something besides, so that the people with experience are never able to keep their heads above water. If the financial interests would accept commercial collateral as they accept on stock loans, both

in trade and shipping, we might live in hopes, but the average banker and interests do not understand the importance of these matters to the country and do not wish to learn—such has been the experience of people who know.

So far I have only touched on matters that should appeal to the American citizens for their own good and of the country itself.

Now let us look at the advantages to other nations in fostering trade that naturally to some large extent is going to be of importance to every citizen.

One thing cannot be gainsaid, healthy competition keeps the world going round, but does the citizen who earns his dollar easiest (that is from the ground) realize what the canal means so far as the West is concerned? Look at the markets that will be opened up owing to the less distance of steaming, the people to whom he sells his wheat, etc., will be able to save considerable in freight rates from, say, San Francisco to Liverpool; so with other exports, and the same applies to imports.

Then you come to other countries that are waiting for the shorter haul to find markets that at present cannot compete owing to extra freight rates necessary for the haul. We must not try to decide for some years to come as to whether the American nation ever will be able to get its money back or not, but look ahead and at least believe the right thing has been done until proved otherwise. Who but the greatest of pessimists can with any degree of correctness say we are all wrong in ever building a canal? What we do know is that steaming distances will be shortened, new markets opened, more tonnage at-

tracted to the west coast of North and South America and elsewhere, resulting in more competition, which will in the end not only build up business, but eventually help to pay off the cost of the canal.

There is no question but that Chile and Peru are both going to benefit by the canal. A statement was made a short while ago that three-quarters of the nitrates from Chile were shipped in sail boats and sailers could not use the canal; latter statement may be correct, but where are the sailers that carry so much nitrate? As a matter of fact they do not carry one-tenth of the exports. The question of \$1.20 or \$1.50 per ton is not going to stop steamers using the canal and anybody who thinks otherwise knows as little of the business as some of the calamity howlers we read about; neither is the question of the price of coal going to enter into the question, and means will be found to get over such matters.

In conclusion I think I am right when I say that the gentlemen who have written articles and the committees who have given their views and the professors who are quoted have not looked at the matter in a broad sense; neither have they troubled themselves with the details, which they know nothing of, but have gone ahead and made statements that make their readers realize we all have a lot to learn. I don't suppose there is a business in the world that has so many changes as shipping, so much so that he who thinks he knows it all in his little world never develops; neither do his followers. This subject as far as I can find has not even been touched on by men of the shipping world doing business all over the world, and to try to bring out all the advantages that can be seen would take too long to write other than a book on it; it is useless to take consular reports and figure out the dollars. That can never give you a proper idea of the magnitude of the developments to

come. It was not so very long since the calamity worriers were heard on similar lines regarding the Suez Canal, and even the experienced and old heads in the British houses criticized one of their Premiers for buying some of the shares which have been of so much use to the British nation, not counting the money profit made; so give the shipping interests a chance to show what they can develop in the commerce of the world by using the Panama Canal, and in time there is no question in my mind it will be shown the wide heads in Washington had their heads screwed on the right way when they went ahead with the work of building the canal.

Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger was one of the stars in his class in his Annapolis days. He finished eighth in a class of twenty-nine and stood second in seamanship. There was just one branch of the Annapolis course that Badger could not master, and that was fencing.

At the time of his graduation there were only two members of the class who could not fence better than Badger. If the Mexican affair were to be settled by personal conflict, with the sword or cutlass, as in the old pirate tales, and Badger were put up to represent our side we would find ourselves in a pretty nice predicament.

Badger's low standing in fencing and high standing in all other branches recalls the fact that at the Naval Academy, as at most other institutions of learning, the boys that win all the honor prizes are not necessarily those that succeed best in after life. Badger is one of the exceptions. Rear Admiral Fletcher stood fourteenth in a class of thirty-two; Rear Admiral Mayo, who handled the Tampico incident, was fourteenth in a class of forty-two; and Rear Admiral Bently was twenty-second with thirty-two in the class—the same class with Fletcher.